

# **Mike "Mom Friend" Hanlon**

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## Mike "Mom Friend" Hanlon by CieraDarlene

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**Genre:** And cares about everyone, Mike Hanlon is a really good friend, The real mom friend

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Mostly Mike and Richie but the other two are there, Richie Tozier

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**Summary:**

In which Mike Hanlon goes to extra lengths to make sure his friends are okay.

## Mike "Mom Friend" Hanlon

### Author's Note:

I demand more Mike content.

It's getting cold. Autumn is coming to an end as winter rears it's cold, ugly head. The trees are almost completely bare at this point, late in November, and the sun is becoming somewhat of a distant memory. Mike and his grandfather had spent the weekend winterizing the barn, preparing to keep the interior dry and the animals warm.

This would be Mike's first winter in public school after he begged his grandparents to let him attend Derry middle school. They agreed, as long as he got himself there. It was about a 30-minute bike ride, but it was well worth it when a hand claps over his bike as he's locking his bike up and he looks up to see Bill Denbrough.

"M-morning, Mike." He beams. "I-it's a cold one, isn't it?"

Mike nods. "Sure is."

He's right. It's a brisk morning. There was frost on the acreage when he woke up. He wore a toque to keep his ears warm, as per his grandmother's request.

Just then, Richie and Eddie pull up on their bikes.

"Sup fuckers!" Richie bellows.

Mike grins at the duo.

"Your glasses are filthy, Trashmouth." Eddie complains, retrieving the thick spectacles off Richie's nose. They were filthy.

It's then that Mike notices the dark circles under Richie's eyes. Mike's been noticing Richie more often, as of late. Not that he's hard to notice, but he's been focusing on Richie behind the loud mouth. Mike's list of notes on Richie include: Boney elbows and knees, only 3 t-shirts - maybe?, his glasses are broken (held together by tape), dark under eyes, hollow cheeks, rarely eats lunch.

He wasn't sure if he was the only one to notice it, or if the rest of the group just didn't want to bring it up. Hell, he didn't want to bring it up himself. That's why Mike starts packing an extra lunch a couple times a week.

The first time he does it, Richie's brows knit together in confusion.

"What's this about?" He asks.

"You just look hungry, that's all."

"Did you pack two lunches?"

"Snack for the trip home, but you can have it."

Mike keeps doing it. Noticing the hollowness of his cheeks become less severe as he does.

One night all the losers sleep over at Mike's acreage. As Richie takes his glasses off to sleep, Mike takes them to his grandpa and insists he fixes them. And he does. In the morning Richie finds his glasses somehow fixed, but never mentions it.

That is until the day Mike walks with Richie to his house - it's on the same route he'd take to the farm.

"Did you fix my glasses a couple weeks ago?" Richie asks.

"I uh. I got my pop to." He admits.

"Well thanks, buddy." He seems sheepish. Almost bashful?

"Don't mention it." Mike replies.

"And those after school snacks - they're not for after school, are they?"

"No."

"They're for me." He states.

"They are."

"Why?" Richie asks, finally looking over at Mike as they walk.

Mike shrugs. He doesn't know how to answer that. Obviously, he does it because Richie is his friend, and he cares about him. He could see that Richie was either not being taken care of, or he wasn't taking care of himself. So, he decided he needed to do what he could.

But instead, he just says, "Winter's about to start and you need some meat on those bones. Besides, you keep forgetting your lunch." He knows Richie doesn't forget.

**Author's Note:**

Mostly inspired by Richie being neglected, and likely being underweight. I figured he wouldn't eat often at school, or at home. He's a lanky kid, and no one really thinks much of it except Mike. BECAUSE HE'S A DAMN GOOD PERSON